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VOLUME VI

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1878.

NUMBER 19

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man, whether married or single, can read and

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Extortion.

The following is a pretty fair exhibit of the manner in which the great of the land are made to pay for the whistle. The same principle controls whether the dignitary be a monarch or an humble legislator, only in proportion to the honor the office is supposed to confer upon the holder. These exorbitant prices come of course out of the people's pockets through taxation and go to fill the extortioner's coffers, showing how a few of the people will swindle the many through their representatives in office:

"The Shah of Persia left twenty-five of his thirty-six caskets of gold at Paris, where he spent \$600,000. His expenses at the Grand Hotel were \$680 a day. Extracts from his disputed bill at Fontainebleau are published. He was charged \$300 for flowers, \$12 for a melon, \$1 for a cigar, \$160 for three carriage drives and \$4 each for twenty chickens; his rooms were set down at \$10 per day each, two boxes of cigarettes cost \$10 and \$2 apiece was charged for a dozen peaches. He received during his stay at Paris 4,500 begging letters."

The Ku-Klux Offenders Can Now Return Home.

AN AMNESTY FOR ILLICIT DISTILLERS IN PROSPECT.

"We are authorized to say that all citizens of South Carolina accused of offenses under the Ku Klux law, who have left the State on account of prosecutions against them, pending in the United States Courts, may now return with safety to their homes, where they can reside without fear of further molestation, upon the single condition that they be peaceful and law-abiding citizens. Governor Hampton himself gives the assurance that there is no longer any risk of further prosecution on account of former offenses."

Earnest efforts are also being made by Gov. Hampton to secure a general amnesty for the illicit distillers in our upper counties;—some time ago the same matters were brought to the notice of President Hayes, but then he demanded the cessation of all prosecutions against the corrupt office-holders as a return or consideration for this act of manifest justice. Perhaps this return to a sense of justice is as much due to Mr. Potter's committee as to Gov. Hampton. The mill of the gods are grinding slowly, it may be, but surely, certainly.

The Treaty of Berlin.

The great dissatisfaction, which arose among the European powers about the Treaty of San Stefano entered into by Russia and Turkey, necessitated the meeting of those powers at Berlin to revise and adjust such points as were calculated to disturb the harmony of Europe. That Congress has adjourned and its results are a complete up-setting of the terms of the first treaty. Indeed the vast amount of money and blood spent by Russia and Turkey have all been in vain, so far as those two powers are concerned; England and Austria have managed the affair to suit themselves and of course the lion's share of the spoil goes to them. The following are the terms of the treaty:

Russia gets the re-possession of her old province of Bessarabia, a narrow strip of Armenia, the commercial use of Batoum on the Black sea, together with a humiliation among the powers of Europe a proud people will not long brook.

Turkey loses her possessions in Europe and therefore her power.

England gains Cyprus and the protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, which give her the complete control of Asia as well as the whole of Western and Southern Europe.

Austria gains the military occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which simply means the ultimate

incorporation of these provinces with the Austrian Empire.

Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia are to be semi-independent principalities.

Roumelia (proper), Servia and Montenegro, each with increased territory, will hereafter be totally independent of Turkey.

These are the main points of the treaty of Berlin and of course will change the map of South Eastern Europe materially. There is no doubt that Russia, so soon as she recovers from the effects of her recent war, with Turkey, will make a quarrel with England and engage the whole of Europe in a most disastrous war a pre-text for which may at any time be found in the terms of the Berlin treaty. In the mean time cotton will again be king and our citizens his willing subjects—content to pay tribute to enrich the manufacturer and impoverish themselves.

[For the Orangeburg Times.]
Editor Orangeburg Times:

I hope you will give me a little more space to say only a few words in reply to an article written by "Critic," which I see conched in the ORANGEBURG TIMES, dated July the 6th 1878. In giving my sentiments June the 29th 1878, I thought it would prick the conscience of some, and arouse them to criticism. "Critic" seems to think the article, I had published, is any thing but consistent; that my programme bears on its face the feature of proscription, and that I would have a class ignored, who are a portion of the body politic. I differ much with the gentleman, and so will any reasonable man. It is consistent, and if the writer would impartially decide, he would readily acquiesce with me, and would see on the face of my programme nothing but the jewel of consistency.

It is true I did say, if a certain class got in power they would do more injury to the government than the Scallawag, Carpet-bagger, or Radical has ever done. I say so still, but do not wish to ignore any but those who merit it, and I truly hope none of that class will be elected to fill any office of honor, or trust. I did not mean to have any voter disfranchised either Democrat, or Republican; neither do I wish to deprive any citizen of their equal rights under the law, but desire that our government be managed and controlled by honest, well-thinking men—men, who are not easily biased, nor managed in principle. Is there any inconsistency in this? no. "Critic" may be an aspirant for office, if so, I think he has satisfied the people by his use of latin, that he has ability. We would like to know if he is one of the characters alluded to in our article that we might be on our guard? We would probably have had no surmising had he not come out in such a burlesque manner about the many candidates proposed, and seemed to be so very jubilant, uttering words of triumph in anticipation of their defeat. He seems to have a thorough knowledge of theology. I wonder if there is no room for improvement, he may be one of the would-be aristocracy (?) if so, he is not to be dreaded, because his arm is too short, yet we believe he has ability, and hope he is honest.

LET US ALL TRY TO BE HONEST.

An Incident.

Yesterday morning a Confederate battle flag was found floating from the top of the large derriek at the monument. Some one had climbed up the ropes in the darkness of the night and fixed it at its perilous height, and there, flashing in the morning sun, was the starry cross that fifteen years ago was the emblem of a nation's hopes. Many a heart leaped at the sight, and many an eye grew dim as memory rushed back through the intervening years to the comrades whose ringing laugh and joyous shout had brightened the camp and whose forms were foremost

in the field, who now sleep beneath the shadows of the pines from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, from the mountains to the sea.

"For the living are brave and noble, The dead were bravest of all."

It had nothing of political significance, it was rather as though one had come suddenly face to face with the portrait of a long dead and dearly beloved friend, and the yearning of the heart was—

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still!"

About ten o'clock this morning some of our citizens thought that the act of an individual might be tortured into an act of political import, and it was decided that it should be removed, and one of the workmen climbed up and brought it down.—Augusta Evening News of July 5th.

Bill Arp.

The Amusement of the Coming Campaign—He Grows Excited Over the Contest Between the Camp and the Cross—Vote for the Cross Every Time!

Mr. Editor: The crops are laid by, honey bees are humming in the corn tassels, morning glories open to the rising sun, the cotton patch is white with blooms and everything gives signs of peace and plenty in this delightful land. It's a good time now for a recess and a frolic, and so for our amusement the political campaign has opened the ball in the 7th Congressional District. The issue is made up—the skirmishin' has begun, the sharpshooters have been put in position, and before long you will hear the sound of heavy artillery reverberatin' all over these classic mountains.

I see you have gotten up a side show in Atlanta about who organized the Democratic party in Georgia in 1867. Well, reckon somebody did it, and now the issue in our District is whether that organization is or is not worth preserving; Radicals and Independents are on one side and the organized Democracy on the other. This is the substantial question. There is nothing else in it that I can see—no charge of fraud or trick, no bribery, no corruption. The gauntlet has been fairly thrown down, the wager of battle made. Both sides are honest and earnest, and have put out their boldest champions. They are men whom the people have delighted to honor. They are both of the same religious family, and have served their country faithfully in war and in peace. Above all, both of them are gentlemen, and the fight will be made in an open field in the light of day, while the eyes of millions, as Jim Brown says, will be looking on. The issue is a tremendous one, and I feel like getting upon a mountain and exclaimin', "Soldiers, 40 centuries are lookin' down upon you from the heights of these pyramids." I tell you, Mr. Editor, its going to be a Waterloo in this district; somebody is going to be beat, but who it'll be I'll be blamed if I know. I ain't got any money to bet on it, shore. You see, the doctor has got the inside track, because he's always in, and has done a thousand little things that makes a man friends and keeps em; and the doctor is a preacher and has the gift of tongue, as St. Paul says, which is a good thing for a preacher to have.

But, then, on the other hand, Lester has got a power of friends himself, and he never loses any; and he's eloquent and mighty nigh as homely as the doctor. Besides that he's a crippled soldier and when he rises forward before the mountain boys and stretches forth one arm in the height of his argument, and the other flops a round loose in an empty sleeve, don't you know them boys will yell? They ain't forgot Murrieshoro, nor Shiloh, nor Gettysburg, nor Fredericksburg, nor Petersburg, nor any other burg. Willingham thinks he knows, and may be he does; but I'm goin' to ax Harris. What he don't know ax worth knowin'. You see its the camp agin' the cross this time, square out

and I wish you could hear Cousin John Thrasher upon that. There are two men a runnin' for the legislature up at Central, where Cousin John feeds the travellin' people, and a man axed him who he should vote for. "Why, vote for the crutch!" sed he, "every time; always vote for the crippled soldier; don't ax no questions about him, but vote for him. He deserves it, whether he's the fittest man or not; no man can do more for his country than he tried to do; other people may forget 'em but I shan't. I love 'em, I honor 'em, I clothe 'em, I feed 'em. I never charged one for a meal in my life and so help me God I never will"—and Cousin John rose up excitedly and shook himself and hollered, "Joe, you black rascal, you; why don't you come along with that water?"

Mr. Waterson has struck the bugle note. He dared to tell the Union soldiers the other day in his big speech that he was for pensioning the cripples and widows and orphans of both sides, and they cheered him lively and shouted approval—and it will be done yet—you see if it ain't. Them Radicals that howl so much vasant in the filth, but the old soldiers are comin' to the front and I ain't agreed if an empty sleeve or a scratch whether its in Congress or out of it. Brave men are always kind to their friends and honorable to their foes and if we cant trust them we cant trust nobody.

Yours,

BILL ARP.

P. S.—While you and your folks are investigatin about who saved our State Rights in 1866, I wish you would go back a little and find out who lost 'em in 1863-64. Is a boy is saved from drownin' the first question is who pushed him in? Anybody can hold out a pole.

B. A.

Remarkably Lively.

He was rather an uncooth looking individual, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd sitting on the barrels winked at each other, and made many remarks about his person.

"Where did it come from?" asked one, pointing at him.

"Somebody left the door open and it blew in," said another.

"I don't think it is alive," said a third.

"Touch it and see," remarked a fourth.

"Yes, its a man—see it move?" queried the first. All hands laughed boisterously.

"I'm a poor man, and I don't want to have any trouble with anybody. I'm a Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife and can't participate in it. I pray you, worldly minded people, that you let me depart in peace," said the new arrival.

One of the crowd, more daring than the rest, hammered the man's hat down over his eyes, and another dabbed his nose full of molasses from a barrel standing by.

Then the poor Christian took a small volume from his pocket, and began reading the Scriptures in a drawling sing-song tone.

While he was engaged in this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him.

One put some eggs in his pocket and another mashed them.

Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it.

Then the clerk hit him under the nose with a codfish.

Then that man quietly put the little book in his coat tail pocket, and the clerk went head first into the molasses barrel. When the biggest man in the house picked himself up from under the counter, it was next to an impossibility to guess where his nose left off and where the codfish began. No. 1 made work for the glazer as he hit a ventilator in the window. No. 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No. 3 got up on the pie shelf and stayed there. As No. 4 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost to make as

good as new, and the poor Christian man remarked:

"The next time you folks pick me up for a slouch look out you ain't in the wrong pew. Good day, fellers."

The clerk is waiting for them to come round and settle for damages done, but they must have forgotten where the place is as they pass right by without looking in, and their bills all remain unpaid.

Young Men Beware.

The following admonition should be read by many young men and a few old ones: Never use a lady's name in an improper place, at any improper time, or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think to be untrue, or allusions, that she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to use a woman's name in a reckless manner, shun them; they are the very worst members of the community; men loathe to every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined and her heart broken by a lie manufactured by some villain, and repeated when it should not have been, and in presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon preganated, and the smallest thing, derogatory to a woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and will grow and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of a woman. Your mother and sisters are women, and as you would have their fair names untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderous, bitter tongue, heed the ill your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow creature.

A Girl's Encounter with a Rattle Snake.

From the Platte City Landmark.
A few days since, Miss Mary Freshman, daughter of Perry Freshman, living two miles east of Platte City, had a thrilling adventure with a rattlesnake. She was riding on horseback alone through the woods, when she dropped her glove. She dismounted to secure it, and as she was stooping to pick it up she discovered a large rattlesnake, at least six feet long, coiled in the act of striking. It did strike, but it failed to reach her, and fell at her feet. She sprang back with a cry of horror, but almost instantly the snake recoiled and struck again. This time the venomous fangs struck in the front part of her bonnet, and the hold tearing out with the force of the blow and the weight of the snake, it fell on the ground at her feet. Instantly it reared up in front of her, its venomous breath right in her face. Scarcely knowing what she did, she seized the snake just below the head with both hands, and, holding it for a moment, with desperate energy she slung it from her and fled.

An exchange, speaking of those smart fellows who always know how to do something except what they ought to be doing, says: "He stands in the saloons with his back to the stove and tells how he could run a newspaper; how he could be as independent as a hog on ice, and call things by their right names; how he could expose corruption in high places; how he could write good, sound common sense, and none of your frivolous try-to-be-funny stuff. Then he criticises other people's methods of conducting newspapers, and just wishes somebody would give him a chance to show his journalistic ability. The way to cure one of those chaps is to get him to write a sensible article every day for a week. Before the week is out he is sure to be pumped dry, and will gape worse for an idea than a chicken does for the pip."

Song of the grasshopper: "We will meet in this weat by and by."

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